



# BOYS' AND



# GIRLS' PAGE

## The Lady of the Enchanted Chair

**1. THE GIFT OF THE OATMEAL ELVES.**  
When Nancy was getting over the measles her mother made her all sorts of nice things, because the doctor said she must eat and grow strong. But Nancy had no appetite, so her mother thought of a plan to make the meals taste better. One morning she brought in a nice saucer of oatmeal and said:

"This is a magic gift from the oatmeal elves to the Lady of the Enchanted Armchair."

Nancy smiled at the idea. "The oatmeal elves," went on her mother, "are first cousins of the wheat imps and the queer corn cobbles and you must remember their adventure with the milk sprites."

Nancy shook her head. "Then it's time you heard it," said her mother. "But the story of the oatmeal



A MAGIC GIFT FROM THE OATMEAL ELVES.

elves can only be told to the Lady of the Enchanted Armchair if she eats ten spoonfuls of porridge."

"I will! Tell me," said Nancy.

"Well, there are hundreds of oatmeal elves living in a box in our kitchen closet. Each is jolly, fat and round, and wears a coat of light tan. This morning when I opened the box I heard—"

"What?" asked Nancy. "Do go on. This is three spoonfuls."

"There was a great whispering together and I heard one of the elves say, 'This is where the Lady of the Enchanted Armchair lives. Wouldn't it be fun to send her a present?' Then another one answered, 'But we haven't anything to send.'"

"And all were quiet while I poured a cupful of oatmeal into the boiling water. Soon they began to bubble and chuckle, and one climbed to the top of the water and said, 'I'm going to swell up and burst to make Nancy a present.' And he did burst in and swelled up and burst, just as he had said."

"How they all laughed! Then they began to dance around and dive in, and each swelled and burst in turn as they sang:

Bell and bubble!  
Cook the porridge  
To a turn!

"And that's how the elves made you a magic present," ended Nancy's mother. "Why, if you haven't eaten it all!"

"It tasted so good," said Nancy. "Now tell 'bout the milk sprites' adventure."

"That story will come with luncheon," said her mother.

**2. THE BATTLE OF THE FROGGY PITCHER.**  
Nancy sat up in the armchair to taste her luncheon of cream toast and hear the adventure of the milk sprites.

"This story will cost the Lady of the Enchanted Armchair one big slice of cream toast," said her mother.

Nancy nodded and began to eat.

"The milk sprites live in the green froggy pitcher that daddy brought from



"ONE BIG SLICE OF TOAST."

Boston," said Nancy's mother. "They wear trailing white gowns and queer bowy caps and they sleep in the milk bubbles."

"The other night cook forgot to put away the froggy pitcher and left it on the dining table half full of milk, with the milk sprites fast asleep in it. At the same time there was a ball of the oatmeal elves, the corn cobbles and the wheat imps on the table, for the cloth made a beautiful slippery floor. The elves wore their tan coats, the cobbles had on green and yellow

suits and the imps wore brown dresses, so it was a fine sight."

"After they'd danced a long time they were thirsty, so they climbed up the pitcher and peeped in. That woke up the milk sprites and up they came, very angry, and ordered the others away. Of course they said they wouldn't go, so there was a terrible battle."

"Gracious!" said Nancy.

"The milk sprites were very quick, but their long gowns got in their way, and as fast as they pushed off one elf or imp another would come up. So they began to catch all that came and throw them into the milk, and as the elves and imps could not swim, it looked as if all of them would be drowned."

"The elves and the imps were frightened, but they saw that the only thing to do was to get into the milk and drink it all up, so as to leave the milk sprites without a home."

"And did they?" asked Nancy.

"Yes. One by one they climbed to the edge of the pitcher and hopped in. Then they all began to drink and swell up, until soon there was no milk left in the froggy pitcher, and the milk sprites had nowhere to go."

"How dreadful! What did they do?"

"They asked the tablecloth to help them, and he did. I'll tell you about that at supper time, for I see the toast dish is as empty as the froggy pitcher."

**3. THE TRIUMPH OF THE MILK SPRITES.**

"This is the story of the end of the great battle between the milk sprites and their enemies," said Nancy's mother. "It will cost you one baked potato and a glass of milk, O Lady of the Enchanted Armchair."

Nancy nodded and smiled and broke open the potato, eager for the story.

"We left the milk sprites without a roof to shelter them, because the oatmeal elves, the corn cobbles and the wheat imps had drunk up all the milk in the froggy pitcher, which was their home. The poor sprites, driven out, slid down the side of the pitcher and talked together about what they had better do."

"At last they decided to ask help of the

tablecloth, for he was a kindhearted old fellow and they had often given him a treat by spilling a few drops of milk on him or even upsetting a glassful."

"O mother!" cried Nancy. "I'll remember that when you scold me for upsetting the milk—it will be the sprites, not me, that did it!"

The mother smiled.

"This secret is not to be an excuse for Nancy's carelessness, Lady of the Enchanted Armchair," she said. "At any rate the tablecloth promised to help them, and he began to slide along the table, while the sprites helped push and pull, until the froggy pitcher was drawn to the very edge."

"It didn't fall off and break, our dear froggy pitcher!" cried Nancy, greatly distressed.

"No, it didn't fall off, for the tablecloth remembered in time that it was the home of the milk sprites. But it did fall on its side, and you can guess how frightened the naughty imps and elves inside were."

"Out they came, pushing and shoving one another in their hurry, and rolled away in every direction. And the milk sprites jumped inside and were glad to find a few drops left big enough to hold them all. So they curled up tight and fell asleep again, after thanking the tablecloth very much for his help."

"Next morning when cook came to set the table she found the cloth pulled crooked and the froggy pitcher lying on its side near the edge. Cook says that pussy jumped on the table and drank all the milk, ending by upsetting the pitcher. But I have told you the true story just as it happened."

"How did you find out about it, mother?" asked Nancy, looking at her empty milk glass.

"From old Dr. Cobblekiss, one of the corn cobbles' friends. But don't ask me to tell you about him till to-morrow morning."

**4. THE LADY OF THE ENCHANTED CHAIR.**

Toward the end of summer and in the fall the rosebushes and the trees begin to take from the leaves and flowers all the things they will want to support the life of the tree or the bush for the coming winter. These useful things have been collected from the air by the leaves and flowers during the bright warm summer days for the use of the tree.

As the tree gradually takes from the leaves all it wants, the leaf changes color and when there is nothing left that is of any value to the tree it covers the root of the leaf over with a kind of gum or spongy wood, just as if it were sticking and then it lets the old dry skeleton of what was once a bright green leaf drop to the ground.

If the tree or the branch were dead, it would not want anything from the leaves, so it would leave them just as they were and there would be no corks made, so the leaf would just stay there as a sign that it would never come again on that part of the tree.

When the tree is dead, it would not want anything from the leaves, so it would leave them just as they were and there would be no corks made, so the leaf would just stay there as a sign that it would never come again on that part of the tree.

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## LEXI'S LESSONS.

The next time old Lexy came to the school to give the children a little talk on the use of words he received the answers sent in for the names of the twenty famous persons who are often referred to by a phrase instead of by name.

The original list was printed in THE SUN on January 28. Here it is with the answers:

WHO THEY ARE.

1. The Ayrshire Ploughman: Robert Burns.
2. The Bard of Avon: William Shakespeare.
3. Defender of the Faith: Henry VIII. of England.
4. First Gentleman of Europe: George IV.
5. Grand Old Man: William E. Gladstone.
6. Great Commoner: William Pitt.
7. Hero of the Lakes: Commodore Perry.
8. Learned Blacksmith: Elihu Burritt.
9. Magician of the North: Sir Walter Scott.
10. Man of Destiny: Napoleon Bonaparte.
11. Old Hickory: Andrew Jackson.
12. Old Man Eloquent: John Quincy Adams.
13. Old Rough and Ready: Zachary Taylor.
14. The Poet's Poet: Edmund Spenser.
15. The Prisoner of Chillon: Bonivard.
16. The Sage of Chelms: Thomas Carlyle.
17. The Sage of Concord: Ralph Waldo Emerson.
18. The Sage of Monticello: Jefferson.
19. The Swedish Nightingale: Jenny Lind.
20. Wizard of Menlo Park: Thomas Edison.

"You all know," old Lexy began, "how tiresome it is to have a person tell you the same story over and over again, and the term we use for such is a bore. But many of us have a habit of using the same metaphors or figures of speech over and over again, and if they are very common or worn out we call them hackneyed."

"The thing that distinguishes good writers and brilliant talkers is their ability to invent new metaphors, and every boy or girl that wishes to become an interesting talker when grown up should try to avoid these hackneyed metaphors."

Having got so far old Lexy stopped to wipe off his glasses and the children knew what was coming next, as he always wrote something on the blackboard for them to puzzle over.

"Now I am going to give you some hackneyed phrases," he went on, presently, taking up the chalk, "and I want to see how many new ones you can have ready for me when I come here next week."

When he had done the blackboard looked like this:

**HACKNEYED METAPHORS.**

1. As fat as a pig.
2. As thin as a rail.
3. Pretty as a picture.
4. Ugly as sin.
5. Homely as a mud fence.
6. Dry as a bone.
7. Hungry as a bear.
8. Sweet as sugar.
9. Sour as vinegar.
10. Fine as silk.
11. Heavy as lead.
12. Light as a feather.
13. Slow as molasses.
14. Quick as a flash.
15. Sharp as a needle.
16. Deaf as a post.
17. Dumb as an oyster.
18. Still as a mouse.
19. Black as your hat.
20. White as a ghost.
21. Cool as a cucumber.

Very few of the children could think of any new comparisons just then, so they took a copy of the list and all promised to bring their ideas to the class next week, ready for old Lexy when he should come again.

How many of the boys and girls that read THE SUN can think of metaphors that would do just as well as these? Make out your lists and send them to the Boys' and Girls' page and let us see who is the most original.

**WHY MILK TURNS SOUR.**

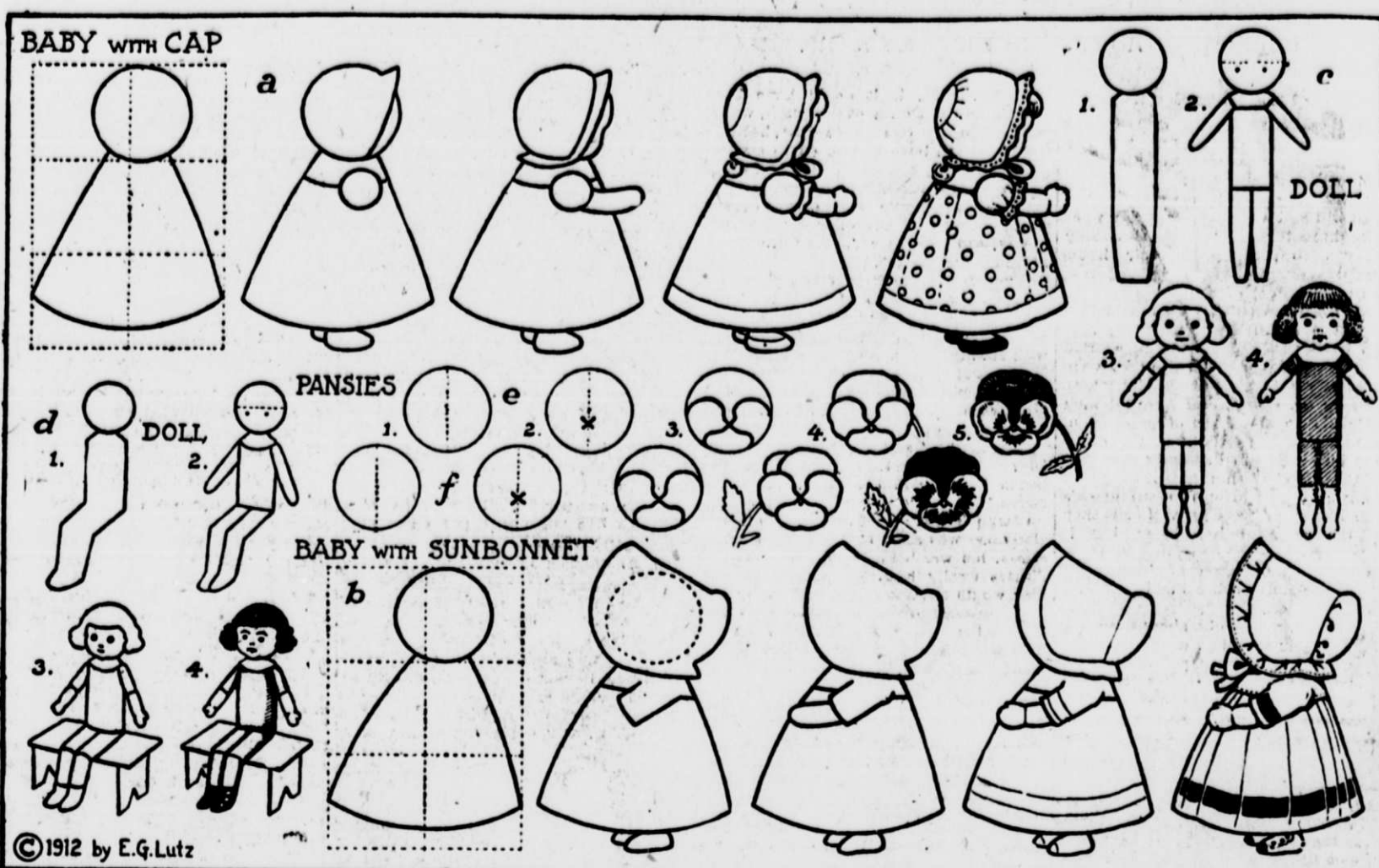
Perhaps you have often wondered why it is that if you let milk stand for a short time, especially in warm weather, it will turn sour and become unfit to use in your tea or coffee, but if it is boiled and then sealed up in some sort of airtight can or jar it will keep for any length of time in any weather.

Many persons believe that a thunderstorm will turn milk sour, and if you ask them what the thunder, which is nothing but noise, can do to the milk you will find that they have no idea, but they just know it is so. So there!

The reason that milk turns sour is that it contains a small microbe that makes an acid from the sugar in the milk. When the milk is boiled these microbes are killed and the acid is never developed. Warm air, and even electricity in the air, is very favorable to the rapid growth of these microbes, which are really a sort of plant, and all plants flourish in warmth.

The acid which is made by these microbes in the milk is called lactic acid, and if the milk is good and clean it is none the worse for turning sour, although it is not just the thing to put in tea. For some persons drink sour milk as a much more wholesome drink than sweet milk and is recommended by some doctors for the cure of certain diseases. There is a famous Chinese statesman who believes he will live to be 160 because he drinks so much sour milk every day.

## HOW DRAWING IS MADE EASY FOR EVERYBODY



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To draw the baby wearing a cap and a polka dot dress you begin by making a circle and an apron shaped form underneath.

If you have enough confidence in the accuracy of your eyes do this without any mechanical aid. But if it seems hard to do free hand make a rectangle and lay it off into six small squares as in the first diagram of figure A.

You will now see that the head is one-third of the height. One of the little squares will give you the size of the circle that is made for the head. In the next stage of your drawing the front outline of the cap is marked and the feet and the round puffed sleeve at the shoulder are drawn.

Draw the curls that show beyond the

cap and the little curl that peeps from below.

In drawing the face just indicate the rounded cheek and the forehead. This is how the baby's face appears when viewed from the side slightly from the back. Never mind how about drawing a profile view, with eye, nose and mouth showing; this will be for a future lesson.

A picture of the baby wearing a sunbonnet, figure B, is begun in the same way as for the baby wearing a cap. Although this baby's face is hidden by the bonnet, keep in mind that a smiling little face is there, just the same.

Make your drawing like the finished picture here shown in figure B; but you can vary your sketches by following the styles of your own doll's bonnets and caps.

In drawing the dolls, figures C and D, first make the round head, then the general shape of the body. The proportion of the head to the body varies much in dolls. These pictures have it about one-fourth of the total length.

Go on with your sketches in a simple way. Don't attempt to put in the details of eyes, hair and so on until you have the general outline and proportion correct. As you proceed jot down little marks to show where the nose, eyes and mouth come. Note that the eyes come below the middle, that is, in the lower half of the head.

When you draw pansies don't let the markings and outlines of the petals bewilder you. First make a circle with a compass or a big button, then a line up

and down through the centre, as in figures E and F.

Next, as shown in the second step, make a cross on this line a little below the centre, and from this cross continue curved lines toward the circumference of the circle as in number 3. This is the most important step in drawing a pansy, as it is these curved lines that give a pansy its characteristic appearance.

For finishing, of course, you will call into service your color box. The dora purples, violets, brilliant yellows, and rich brown markings of these flowers cannot be rendered with a black pencil. The markings on the lower petals, as you will notice, all point as guides for insects to the honey treasure in the centre of the flower.

## PATSEY'S PUZZLES.

That last puzzle that the jokers gave Patsey to solve is one of many that can be made by using the old Roman numerals instead of the figures to which people are now accustomed. The only way to take one from nineteen and leave twenty is this:

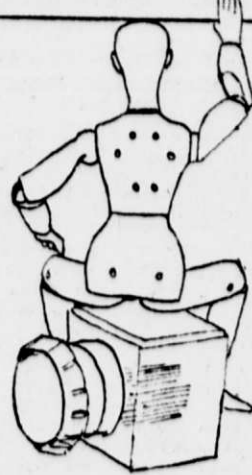
$$\begin{array}{r} \text{XIX} \\ - \text{I} \\ \hline \text{XX} \end{array}$$

Those who sent in correct solution to this puzzle were Samuel Wood, Cora A. Pelham, Alice Babcock, James O. Vedder, Agnes E. Martin, E. Roberta Bridgman, Theodore Baumeister, Norman Cahn, Helen G. Adams, Phyllis Katherine Smith, Jane Elkins, Ethel Elkins, Muriel Holloway, Horace A. Lewis, Ethel Hart, Charles T. Emmett, Frances Allan, Violet M. Holloway, George B. Parker, Bessie M. Ray, Thomas Goodwin, Jr., Beatrice J. Foley, Margaret D. Cobb and Eugene F. Burke.

When Patsey told the idlers round the studio that he did not think much of that one, they quite agreed with him, but they said they had another one for him that would probably take a little more time, although it was also a question in what they were pleased to call simple arithmetic.

Accordingly the next morning as soon as Mr. Pantoor entered his studio he knew by the attitude of one of the manikins on his desk that there was another puzzle of some kind awaiting his attention. As he sat down he saw that the little wooden figure had a visiting card carefully balanced on the top of its head, like this:

WHAT THREE FIGURES  
MULTIPLIED BY FIVE,  
WILL MAKE SIX?



"Three figures," he said to himself. "I suppose this is some kind of catch, as usual. All the puzzles these fellows give Patsey are catches, and that is why he can't do them. I wonder if this means three figures multiplied by five figures, or what is it?"

Then he took up his pencil and began to figure it out.

After a few minutes he was satisfied that he had the intended answer, so he took the card down from the manikin's head and wrote the solution on the back.

What was it?

## TEDDY'S TRICKS WITH FIGURES

Teddy had another way of telling the day of the week on any date and he said it was probably a better way for those who did not want to pretend to do it all in their heads or by memory, as the figuring was simpler and the day was arrived at more directly.

Instead of having to remember the verse given last week, it is necessary to have a memorandum of the following figures, which are called month values:

January	3	July	1
February	4	August	2
March	5	September	3
April	6	October	4
May	7	November	5
June	8	December	6

This is not difficult to commit to memory if one observes that there are just two months between several of those that have the same value, such as October and January, September and December, November and February, April and July. If a person uses this table frequently it soon becomes as familiar as a telephone number.

The process of arriving at the day of the week for any date is then very simple, but if one is trying to do it in one's head it may be necessary to spare for time by asking for the date to be repeated. Teddy was very fond of this trick, pretending he had not caught the year, but in reality gaining time to figure out the necessary data in his head.

Sometimes it is well to ask for the year first, as that gives you time to divide the last two figures by 4 and by 7, after which there is nothing to do but to add the day of the month and the month's value in the table just given.

Suppose the date asked for is Washington's Birthday in 1897. Take the last two figures of the year, 97, and divide by 4 to get the quotient, which is 24, the remainder being disregarded. Divide 97 by 7 also to get a remainder, which is 6. Adding this 6 to the 24 you have 30 and are ready to ask for the day of the month. The moment you are told the 22 add it, getting 52; to this add the month value in the table, which is 6 for February, and you have a total of 58. Divide by 7 and the remainder is the day of the week, Sunday being No. 1, Saturday 6.

As 7 will go into 58 eight times, with a remainder of 2, Washington's Birthday

in 1897 was the second day of the week, or Monday.

In this method there is no need to count up the weeks by advancing seven, as with the verse. Christmas, 1897, adds 25 days to the 30 found by dividing 97 by 4 and by 7, making it 55, and 1 for the month value, 56, which divided by 7 leaves 8 over, so Christmas was a Saturday.

For the twentieth century, it is necessary to deduct 2 at the end, so as to put the date two days further back. This is exactly the opposite to the process explained last week, when the verse was used, as then 2 was added for the twentieth century. As an example, take the Fourth of July for next year, 1913.

Divide 13 by 4 and the quotient is 3. Divide 13 by 7 and the remainder is 6, total nine, to which add the day of the month, 4, and the table value, 2, and you get 15. Now if you divide by seven to get the day of the week, the remainder is 1, which would give Sunday, but the correct day is Friday, two days earlier, because it is in the twentieth century.